Saving a Life

It's a Friday evening. And I'm blow-drying my hair before a gig. My wife has given me a few minutes before she has to continue her long ritual of getting ready. We've been playing music together for 14 years! She's more beautiful than the day I met her and we're more in love than any two people we know... but she's taking forever and we're late.

We've been playing a lot lately. A lot of clubs have hired us on, we have been recording our originals to get a CD of our own out soon... it's a long time coming, but things are looking up. I've never been so happy in my life! Sure we have problems, but our biggest problem today was missing each other while I was at work.

Tonight we get to play and be rock stars... not only that, it turns us on to play with each other and that means there'll be some hot lovin' later on. She comes in while I'm applying stuff to my hair. She calls me princess, because I have nearly as many rituals as her before a gig... but we're both entertainers and we both have our quirks. I'm older than her, but no one ever notices the difference... and of course that pisses her off! But she also sees the humor in it. She calls me Peter Pan... she calls me a lot of things. I have a lot of nicknames for her, but my favorite is Songbird, or Bird for short.

She's putting the hot rollers in her hair again, which takes another hour at least... and time is already short. I don't understand the hot rollers! Her hair looks great natural, but she has some strange aversion to getting a hair cut, though... so her hair is freakishly long now and she rolls it all up... and it looks curly for about 5 minutes... and then it's completely gone. Still she does it every time and cusses when it's gone 5 minutes later. I tell her why it does this, but she doesn't care. She won't cut her hair. There is nothing I can do. It will never happen. She probably has ten pounds of hair and that can't be fun! She sits on it and it's always straight and pulled tight on the top of her head and wavy at the bottom. It would look AMAZING if she cut it like she did in her younger days... but no matter... I have the most talented and attractive woman I've ever known... or even SEEN! I don't know what kind of neurological condition makes you not want to cut your hair, but SHE has it!

"Are you getting close honey? We're really getting late!" I say as I open the door and see her laying lifeless on the floor...

"Oh no" the words aren't even intelligible... but a dry grunt as the air is expelled from my lungs... I jump from the doorway to the middle of the room, landing on her arm and she doesn't move... I flip her over and she's dead weight... her lips are blue... another grunt comes out of me, more worried... I slap her a few times, then very hard... and she's completely limp. I check quickly for a pulse, but I can't tell from the pounding of my own heart...

I grab her head and put my hands under her neck and take a deep breath and blow into her lungs... but her nose isn't covered and mucous sprays over one side of my head. I quickly pinch her nose, which is small and slippery now... difficult to do... but I administer three rapid breaths and do ten hapless compressions that are completely useless... and try to pick her up. She's not a small woman... and she's dead weight... her frame is sexy and full... but at this moment I was wishing she were a little smaller... a terrible thing to wish for at this moment... but there it is....

I'm panting and making noises that I would never guess came from me... I'm trying hard to move her... it's too late to call 911... I don't know how long she's been there... I'll get her stable and then call... that's my plan... but dragging her into the bathroom is proving very difficult! I'm only getting her a few inches before I lose my grip... because there's nothing to grab! The carpet is fighting against me, so I grab the whole throw rug and drag it with her on top into the hall... when I get her off the carpet of her hobby room the slick floor in the hall helps and I clumsily get her onto the tiled bathroom floor.

The shower massage head fell off the week before and there is just a hose there... so I turn it on cold and blast her down with water... I aim for her head and the trunk of her body. I sit her up with the hose still blasting on both of us and I hear her voice... a low irritated moan. "mmmmmmm!"

"baby!"

"Wha' you doin?" she says sleepily.

"saving your life baby. Again."

"Did I fall out?"

Her voice sounds a little better... I'm so relieved... tears start to finally come out.

"Yea baby... you were on the floor and blue"

"Oh nooo! That must have been terrible!" she says slow and sleepy.

"yes baby... we gotta stop this"

“yea... it’s time.”

She is wobbly but she stands up slowly and comes to me sitting by the bathtub... she’s standing, barely... but getting her bearings.

“Are you ok?” she asks, ironically.

“Yes baby... my heart... it won’t stop beating... too much adrenaline”

“What’s on your face?”

“What? I don’t know...?”

I touch it with my finger and feel the snot rockets that are still there.

“I was breathing for you and I... I didn’t pinch your nose closed and...”

“Oh no! I snotted on you?”

“It’s ok baby... it’s ok... it’s angel snot!”

I laugh a little and then I cry a little... in the span of about four seconds...

“Oh! That’s so sweet!”

“I don’t care if you snotted on me...” I say... it’s hard to tell of I’m laughing or crying now...

“I don’t care if you snotted on me”... I repeat like a lunatic...

“I don’t care”....

“Oh baby! Let me get that off!”

She grabs a washcloth and rubs my face with it... and I look at her... she’s so beautiful and full of life... and she was almost dead. Just minutes ago, there was a chance I could have lost her for good. Her eyes meet mine and the signal that we’ve had for 14 years goes off like a siren in our brains... we kiss... like it was our first time... like our last time... like we invented it.

Pure electricity, primal and releasing all tension at once as we pant into each others’ mouths... I squeeze her and she exhales with a moan...

She already knows what this means...

“We’re already late, Sean... really late now... I have to-”

“I DON’T care...” I stand up and rip my shirt off and buttons fly all over... one lands in the toilet.

“Ok wild man!” She says... visibly excited. We walk into the bedroom and she jumps into the air and lands on her back with her legs open... and I leap onto her, perfectly choreographed from 14 years of practice... and we meet with a kiss that starts with me in mid air... as I softly land on her...

“I liked that shirt, dammit” she says in a whisper.

“Will you fix it tomorrow?”

“Of course”.

Kari and I are Heroin addicts. Two of the most happy and high functioning, wonderfully loving heroin addicts. Not codependent... not low-lives, or criminals... we just both wound up here, somehow... and we’re both trying to get out of it, together and alive. This is our story.

Song: Addiction (Some More Of You) https://archive.org/download/addiction-some-more-of-you/Addiction%20%28some%20more%20of%20you%29.mp3